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By Margaret Richards

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Mariba closed her book with an impatient little bang. "I don't see why you are forever talking about him." she exclaimed resentfully.

Aunt Clara, the long suffering, looked appealingly at her pretty niece. "But, Martha, Mrs. Barry makes such a point of your meeting him," she protested plaintively.

"And I make a point of not meeting him," interpolated her rebellious niece. "But, Martha, he is"-

"Oh, I know them all," interrupted Martha - "unmarried, well born, good looking, rich, famous," she repeated glibly, checking off the words on the tips of her pretty fingers.

"He is all that and more," replied Aun: Clara warmly, "and why you should assume this unreasonable attitude is more than I can understand." Her niece eved her resentfully. " don't see why I should be expected to put myself forward for this paragon's

approval," she objected. Aunt Clara's voice trembled with righteons indignation "Martha Jordan, you talk like an idiot!" she said. "Then why do you always throw me

at him?" demanded Martha. "No one is trying to throw you at him," continued her aunt with nnexpected energy. "He probably wouldn't take you if they did." .

"Indeed he wouldn't," murmured her nece feelingly. Mrs. Barry has asked us to dineand incidentally to meet her nephew.

I have had to make excuses for you twice before, Martha. You will go this time?" she pleaded anxiously. "Not I," responded Martha. "I shall not inflict my unworthy presence upon

the Hon. John Clark Chamberlin." "I cannot understand this violent antagonism you seem to have developed," remonstrated Aunt Clara, relapsing into her usual state of plaintive protest. "And what reason can I give?"

"Say I am out of town. I will go on up to Stockbridge. It will be only two days earlier than we were going "You would be alone," expostulated

"Only for two days, and Mrs. Reid is there-you don't mind, dear?" coax-

"That's a darling." Two warm arms were around Aunt Clara's neck and a soft cheek pressed hers lovingly. "And now I will make you a cup of nice hot tea and see if Mary has baked any of the cakes you like, and perhaps there will be time enough for me to run hat lace you wanted."

Poor ... ant Ciara subsided helplessly. It was two days later that a young nan, tall, broad shouldered, suit case in hand, rushed up the steps of the subway at the Grand Central station, lashed through the waiting room, pushed past the guard at the gate, ran toward the Pittsfield express and leaped on to the steps of the last car as the train was pulling out of the

"Reg'lar home run, mister," commented the brakeman, who had watched his flying approach with admiring

The young man laughed as he swung himself up the steps and into the crowded car. "There must be a run on Berkshires," he reflected as he walked slowly along the aisle. Every seat was filled. The next car was no better, but in the third his eyes lighted on a vacant place.

"May I sit here?" he asked perfunctorily, glancing casually at the other occupant, then looking again with growing interest as he realized that his prospective neighbor was a decidedly pretty girl. But he was allowed only the briefest glimpse of a pair of gray eyes as their owner vouchsafed him a formal nod, and he sank thankfully into the seat beside her. He glanced furtively at her as the trub left the tunnel. The survey was no encouraging. Evidently the gray eve the dimpled chin, the fair face turns so steadfastly toward the window.

On and on sped the train. Mamaro neck, Rye, Stamford glided swiftly by He pulled out his paper and forgot proximity of the gray eyes until, bok ing up suddenly, he surprised them looking into his own. She flushed and turned abruptly to the window, and h bowed gravely and returned to his paper, but the article had lost its in terest. He found himself rebelling a the convention that proscribed his speaking to her and then wendered at his rebellion. "He had never before shown any symptoms of undue susceptibility, he reflected dryly, smiling the memory of his aunt's frantic ef

forts at matchmaking on his behalf. One, bour-two hours-three hour passed. On they went, through villages destling in shallow valleys, past fields white with daisies and on through long, wooded slopes, as the train wound in and out among the hills. If something only would hap pen, he thought, looking absently as the panorama unfolded from the car

window-and then something did! The train went more and more slowly, halted, stood still; the passengers thrust inquiring heads out of the car windows or streamed to the platforms. and in the midst of the confusion pair of troubled gray eyes sought his

He assured her there could be no aisle. "I will see what is wrong," he

said, rising nervously, the levely oclor coming and going in the soft cheeks. Hardly daring to credit his good for-tune, he made a path for her through the crowded car to the open air, where looking ahead, he saw as pretty a wreck as the most ardent lover could desire. A freight train had come to grief. One car was derailed; the other

lay flat on its side across the track, obstinately resisting all efforts of the wrecking crew to put it right side up again. The conductor announced that it would be an hour, perhaps two, before the train could go on. Martha's For the Tourist companion looked at her triumphantly. Truly, fate had shown a nice under-

standing of the situation. Some of the passengers walked slowly back to their places; others climbed the hilly slope or wandered down through the woods to the brook below. Martha hesitated, a trifle uncertain, and then, because he seemed to take her going with him so entirely as a matter of course, she followed him through the woods, and he found a seat for her on a low, flat rock by the

brook and stood, tall and straight, be-"Don't you think," he began-"that is, I hope you won't be offended"-He reddened, conscious that he was making a mess of it. Then he took out his card case abruptly. "May I give you my card?" he ended simply. "Oh, no; you mustn't please don't?"

He stood bewildered, a little burt. "Don't you see," she explained, "that t is just because we do not know each other that all this waving her hand vaguely-"is possible?"

He laughed outright. "Now, I should have thought," he said, settling himself comfortably at her feet, "that it would be more-possible-if I could say, 'Are you quite comfortable. Miss - er -Smith?"

She shook her head. "No: it wouldn't do at all," she ob "But I am going to know you," he

insisted resolutely.

"How?" she asked demurely. "I shall call and present my credentials to your family." The vision of poor Aunt Clara confronted by this insistent young man was too much for Martha's gravity,

and she laughed hysterically. "Indeed! And where shall you call?" He laughed with her; and then a sudden constraint fell on them both. He broke it, and his voice was low and

"Will you not tell me where I may find you?" he asked. "At Stockbridge inn," she whispered. His face was radiant as he studied

his time table intently. "A train leaves Pittsfield at 3 tomorrow afternoon. I should be there by

Mrs. Reid drove off, bristling with righteous indignation. It was bad flown to Smith's before dinner and get | enough that Martha should have arrived hours late the night before. It was inexplainable that she should refuse to drive and fisist upon spending the afternoon in her room.

"Thank goodness, her aunt comes tomorrow," murmured Mrs. Reid. In the meantime Martha threw down the book she had been trying to read and hastily opened her door. "For me?" she questioned anxiously. The bell boy eyed her uncertainly.

"He asked for the young lady as come last night," he said doubtfully. "That's all right," returned Martha, beaming. "Say that I will be down in

She straightened her stock at the mirror and gave her hair an approving little pat. Then she turned over the card in her hand and regarded it with "Mr. John Clark Chamberlin!" she

Professor Talks Against Surgery. Professor Ernst Schwenninger, leading physician of the great district hospital of Gross Lightenfelde, near Berlin, says that in his opinion recourse is had to operations far too frequently nowadays. It is a surgical craze which has seized on the profession, to be re-membered hereafter in its record with amazement. Outling out the spleen and the vermiform appendix because nothing is known of their functionsan expedient so frequent in modern of professional franzy. The professor deplores the existing system of specialization in medical studies and does not think that the practitioner who studies the pathology of only a single organ can have a proper knowledge of the others which go to make up the human constitution. "The man," he says, "who devotes till his power of work, all his knowledge and capabilities, to the treatment of only the eyes, nose, ears, skin, nerves or other organs runs a risk of losing feeling, and hence the power to treat human beings. He ceases to be a physician and becomes a

Not a Day's Work For A. V. C. Major General Willie McBean, V. C., was in his day perhaps the best known "ranker" that ever rose from being a private soldier to the command of a division. Willie got his "cross" for killing no fewer than eleven mutineers one after the other at the storming of Lucknow, and in connection with its bestowal a curious anecdote is still current in the regiment, says the Glasgow Evening News, Of course there was a general parade of "every man who wore a button," and Sir R. Garrett, who pinned the decoration on the hero's breast, made the customary little speech, in the course of which he alluded to the episode as "a good day's work." "Toots, toots, mon," replied Willie, quite forgetting he was on padanger and stepped quickly into the rade and perhaps a little piqued at his performance being spoken of as a day's work-"toois, mon, it did not tak' me twunty meanutes."-Pall Mall Gazette.

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A Stony of Alexandre Dumes. This story is tald of Alexandre Dothese of ted tweet thew at it seems not refuse a request—at least not often. One day he gave a man a letter to one of his intimate friends in Brussels. The friend, a wealthy merchant received him as though he had been Dumas' own broker, introduced him to his circle of acquaintances, placed his stable at the man's disposal and

did everything in his power to make life pleasant for Dumas' friend. After the lapse of fourteen days the man suddenly disappeared and with him the best horse in the merchant's stable. Six months later the merchant visited Dumas and thanked him for the kind of people be recommended to his consideration. "Dear friend," he added. "your friend is a shark. He stole the best horse in my stable." Astonished. Dumas raised his hands toward beaven and cried, "What, he stole from you

Mazeppa and the Cossacks. The word cossack means robber, and the name Cossacks was given by the Turks to a race in manners, appearance and language like the Russians, but who are said not to be really akin to them. The Cossacks of Little Rusjourney by an agreeable sia and the Don Cossacks are said to be the most unscrupulous robbers in the world. They excel in horsemanship Steamers Sall 3 P. M. Every and form a large part of the Russian imperial cavalry. Styled sometimes the spies of the czar, they keep the nihilists in greater check than any other power and number many more than a million men. Mazeppas a Don Cossack, the subject of Byron's poem, when condemned to be bound upon a wild horse and borne away to his fate, was carried toward the Ukraine, on the borders of Poland, and, being rescued by Cossacks, became their chief.

> Violet For Mourning. It was not by accident that violet was chosen by many nations as the exclusive color for mourning and by us also for half mourning. Painters suffering from hysteria and neurasthenia will be inclined to cover their pictures uniformly with the color most in accordance with their condition of lassitude and exhaustion. Thus originate the violet pictures of Maret and his school, which spring from no actually observable aspect of nature, but from a subjective view due to conditions o the nerves. When the entire surface of walls in salons and art exhibitions f the day appears veiled in uniform half mourning this predilection for tiolet is simply an expression of the nerv ous debility of the painter.-Nordau's

A Broad Hint. Sir Andrew Agnew of Lucknow, & son, who insisted on being constantly "underfoot." Finally, however, he dropped off, and Sir Andrew was asked hose het got rid of him.

"Oh," said he, "I gave him a broad "A broad hint?" repeated the quirer. "I thought he was one of those who never could be induced to take

"By ma saul," said Sir Andrew, "he was obleeged to tak' it! For as the chiel wadna gang oot at the door just threw him oot of the window!"

Air Pressure. At the level of the sea the pressure of the atmosphere on the piston of an engine is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, but decreases at higher altitudes. As this atmospheric pressure must be overcome by the steam pressure before any work can be done, it is evident that at the diminished air pressure of high altitudes more work can be obtained from a given pressure of steam than at the sea level, or, in other words, an equally effective pressure of steam can be obtained with the expenditure of less fuel. The difference, however, is not great enough to be of any practical importance.

Bounty For Scalps. During the French-Indian war of 1754 the French offered a bounty for British scalps. In the same year a bounty of £100 cach was offered by the authorities of the several colonies. In 1755 Massachusetts granted a bounty of £40 for every scalp of a male Indian over twelve years of age and £20 each for the scalps of women and children. In 1764 John Pann, grandson of William Penn and governor of Pennsylvania, offered a bounty of \$150 for every "Indian buck" killed and scalped.

The Conditions Different. Husband (with newspaper)-When I'm at home you are forever hammering at that plane or else your tougue is running like a tito bataman It wasn't so before we were married. Wife-No. it wasn't. Before we were married you held my hands so I couldn't play and kept my Tps so busy that I couldn't talk.

Too Much Nothing "This cheese is full of holes," complained the prospective purchaser.

"Yes, sir" said the proprietor. "That's "Haven't you got one with the holes full of cheese?" - Louisville Courier

Journal.

Unconsciousne "She's the most unconscious girl ever saw." "Well, why shouldn't she be? She's pretty and knows it; she's clever and knows it, and she's good and knows it What has she to be conscious of!"-

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